

EMBERS

They Relighted a Flame of Love

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Paula Featherston was a creature of impulse. She had accepted her husband on impulse. Before the honeymoon had ended she decided that she had made a mistake. Dick Featherston was a serious matter of fact fellow with a strong will. He never allowed his heart to run away with his head. If his wife was in error and he was sure she was in error he refused to concede the error.

Then, too, Dick was a different man socially from those to whom Paula had been accustomed. He was not a dancing man; he was not a social leader; he was just plain Dick Featherston, with not a ray of glitter in his makeup. When Paula had introduced him to one of her society friends the young woman said to her, "Not at all the kind of person I supposed you would marry."

Within a few years after the marriage of Dick and Paula there came a definite result to Paula's dissatisfaction with her husband. Dick Brown was exactly the kind of man her friends supposed she would marry. He was a cordial leader, a club man, a lady killer. Dick said that all was not right between Paula and her husband. He began by feeling a pride in being favored by a married woman. But he did not stop here. He persuaded Paula to leave her husband and child and go away with him.

The lovers were to meet near Dick Featherston's summer cottage by the sea. Paula started with a wildly beating heart. The journey seemed too short. When the train drew into the little station she passed for an instant on the platform and then ran down the steps to the highway which curved sharply away toward the sea.

Down a vista of golden sand dunes she saw the blue water and the curling white crested waves. It was October, and all of the summer cottages were closed. There was an air of desolation in the boarded windows and the bare verandas. The wind was keen and there was a pungent smell of saltiness from the sandy bluffs that ran down to the beach.

Mrs. Featherston passed beyond the last small cottage and rounded a jutting point of land to turn into a cobblestone driveway that led to a more pretentious house. There were gray leaves dropped with brilliant autumn leaves, and back of the house was a garage, but there was evidence that the place had been long unoccupied.

Paula Featherston inserted a key in the front door and rather hesitated at the first of music that rushed out as she stepped in.

When she had closed the door and stood within the silent house she hesitated again.

The clear familiarity of the hall struck some answering cord in her heart. She winced as she turned away and passed through the various rooms where the furniture was swathed in ghostly linen. Before one closed door she paused and then passed on.

It was her husband's library. She had come after was upstairs to her own bedroom. If she was to meet Dick Brown at the end of the beach road she must hasten.

In her bedroom she sat down before the little washstand writing desk and unlocked it. It was growing late, and the room was quite dark. She went to the window and unlocked a shutter. It banged in the wind, and her hair was tossed into disorder before she finally fixed the catch and closed the shutters.

She went back to the desk and opened a secret drawer which was covered with letters. These she carried to a hearth and heaped into a little pile and reached a match to it. The blue smoke curled lightly upward; then the papers burst into sudden flame.

Words stood out clearly here and there, brief messages out of the past written in letters of fire.

"The moments have been hours and the hours days. My dearest sweet heart, be careful of yourself. If anything should happen—Tomorrow I shall call you wife—my darling wife."

With a flurry the last letter shot up the chimney, a black, charred thing, dead, like their happiness. That was always the way when one expected too much of life, and Dick had been disappointed. He had curbed her in everything. No wonder she had rebelled.

She tried to laugh as she remembered her almost happiness that evening when they arrived at Seaways to spend their honeymoon. They had made such ceremony about lighting the hearth fire in the library, and Dick had recited the "Hymn of the Grange" as they sat on the settle and watched the flames. Every year after that they had spent a few months at Seaways until last year, when the hotel came. Since then she had traveled the world over, the expert of the gay in every fashionable resort, while Dick pegged away in the Street, and baby Polly was spoiled by a doting grandmother.

Suddenly her face grew tense, and she closed her eyes. Things would be better after this, for she had made up her mind to go away with Paula.

Then—then Dick would have no excuse for withholding her freedom. As for Polly, why, Grandmother Featherston had undoubtedly weaned the baby away from her mother. Paula's heart hardened, and she laughed unpleasantly. The Featherstons were all that way—proud and stiff-necked and conventional to a fault. She could safely say that there was no ache in her heart for any one—Dick, baby Polly or any one!

She walked defiantly to the mirror and, removing her hat, looked closely at her fair face. She was as lovely as ever. The two years of strain and worry had not marred her beauty. She must keep herself lovely for Dick's sake. Dick was an artist, a dreamer, a lover of beauty, and if she had disappointed Dick, who was not a beauty worshiper, she must not fail to hold Dick's love forever.

A little terror took possession of her for the moment, but she shrugged impatiently and turned away from the glass.

Dick was to meet her at the end of the road, and they were to go in his car to Boston. She had wanted this hour to herself before she left Seaways forever.

Gently she closed the door and went toward the stairs. Halfway down the flight she stopped short.

From somewhere in the house came the smell of burning wood—it was cedar, perhaps driftwood—but, no; it couldn't be that. She was quite alone in the house.

It was merely her fancy. Something in the hour had brought back the past too vividly. How many times she had come down the stairs at twilight sensing that same pungent odor from the hearth fire in the library!

She must visit the library too. She wanted that dear picture of Polly from Dick's desk. He could have as many more taken as he chose, she thought bitterly, and he would have Polly too. Of course the Featherstons would teach Polly to despise her mother. But she must hasten; Dick would be waiting.

She turned the knob of the library door and entered.

Before the warm coziness of the room she stood in dazed wonderment. There was a great, roaring fire of driftwood on the hearth, and somewhere a garbled bit of cedar was sending out fragrant blue smoke.

A red shaded lamp illuminated the room softly.

Dick was writing at his desk, something big and splashing, in his dashing way.

Curled among the cushions on the settee was Polly, fast asleep. A low table was drawn close to the fire, and on it were a stinging kettle and some clumsily arranged tiny cups and saucers. Paula recognized them as Polly's cherished toys. There were other things—a pot of jam and some stale looking sweet biscuits. They might have been hurriedly rummaged from the chimney cupboard.

Paula saw these things in one swift glance. She also saw Dick's broad back as he bent over the desk. He did not turn his head at her entrance.

"I must go," she told herself in wild alarm, but still she stood there, afraid to move.

Dick did not turn his head, but presently he spoke, carelessly: "We've been waiting ages for you, dear. The bottle's boiling over. I've promised Polly that she shall pour the tea."

Paula leaned against the door and closed her eyes.

"Coming, Paula?" asked Dick after awhile.

She came forward and, resting her hands for support on the desk, leaned toward him.

"I came here tonight—to run away with Dick Brown," she said.

"Yes?"

"Well, you cannot want me to pour tea for you now?" she laughed bitterly.

"Polly is to pour tea," he reminded her gently. "Besides, you will want to say good-by to her."

"Ah," she cried sharply. "You are cruel."

He was silent. His pen ceased to write, and she knew that he was staring into the fire.

He must have suffered. His dark hair was almost white.

Polly stirred, opened her eyes, yawned like a white kitten and stared at her mother with unbelieved joy.

"Oh, mummy, mummy!" she shrieked at last, and tumbling off the settee, she came to Paula's outstretched arms.

For a long time Paula held her there, feeling her mumbled heart slowly melting under the touch of the warm little body. Polly kissed smothered her face and throat, and little baby chuckles of endearment fell on her hungry ears.

"At last Paula lifted wet eyes and looked straight at her husband. "I came after some letters of mine," she said humbly. "I must go now. This is the end."

Dick arose and went to the hearth fire. He stood there with an arm on the mantelpiece, his gray eyes searching her face.

"I'm sorry to spoil your plans, Paula," he said slowly, "but I can't allow any man to run away with my wife, you know. You've had a year or two of freedom, and when I heard—oh, well, he talked a little at the club about this, Polly, and I came down to stop it. I met Dick at the end of the road. I came around the other way by motor, and I thrashed him and sent him home."

A glad look came into Paula's face. "Dick!" she said softly, and she knew then that the hearth fire had never been dead. Something had blown the embers into the warm flame of love again.

"Come and make the tea, mummy," pleaded Polly.

LETCHER COUNTY AND WHITESBURG.

What is Happening in this Rich Coal Territory of Kentucky.

WHITESBURG, KY., Aug. 22.—The August term of the Letcher Circuit Court is moving along nicely with many convictions, especially in the traffic of whiskey and the carrying of concealed pistols. Up until noon Saturday fines totaling \$2970 had been assessed against offenders of the local option laws alone, while the docket is yet far from being cleared.

Judge John F. Butler is especially loud in his denunciation of the whiskey and beer traffic, and, with the cooperation of the county officials, the jury and the good citizens he will stamp out the traffic that has done more to bring lawlessness and crime into the county than all the other evil agencies combined. The grand jury is deeply busy with its investigations into the intricacies of crime due in a great measure to the illegal traffic, and it is expected that hundreds of indictments will be returned.

Judge Butler, in the course of his remarks on the first of the term of court in progress here, boasted our county, saying it was the richest in natural resources, coal and timber wealth of any county in the State. "You have our county (Pike) 'skinned a block,'" said Judge Butler. "Here you see practically a solid town from the mouth of Boone's Fork to its headwaters." He did not mention Elk Horn creek, which is a net-work of buildings from Potter Gap, and even above to the Pike county line almost, seven or eight miles. Following Judge Butler said, among violations of the law, that we now have, to a large measure, a large following of foreign born people to contend with, that the native citizens are rapidly passing away, a new order of conditions, entirely, predominating, and the most important issue is the strict enforcement of the law. With this end in view the moral uplift of our young manhood will be in safe hands: crime and violations of the law will be reduced to the minimum and a prosperous enlightened community will result for our county.

S. H. Thorpe, Richmond, Marshal with deputies C. A. Sizemore of Hazard, and J. M. Biddle of Whitesburg, and Deputy Collector Sewell H. Williams of Jackson, made a moonshine raid along the headwaters of Rockhouse creek in this county where they arrested Isaac Burke and Creed Hall moonshiners who have been wanted for some time. Immediately in advance of the revenue officers the men carried their still away to safe quarters. It could not be located by officers. The men were brought to Whitesburg where they were given a preliminary hearing before U. S. Commissioner Samuel Collins. They were bound over.

The grand jury Thursday morning of last week returned an indictment against James Thompson, the young Middleboro electrician, charging him with the brutal murder of Miss Lula Blanton at Neon, in this county, April 22. Miss Blanton was motoring with a party of friends when the car in which she was riding was suddenly halted at a point near the town. A shot rang out, Miss Blanton gave a deathly gasp and pitched forward lifeless. Thompson was suspected as he had made threats the evening before and had borrowed a pistol with which to do the crime.

He was arrested and has since been confined in the county jail. Joint indictments were also returned against Will Stacy and Alex Combs Rock creek farmers, charged with the murder last month of Elijah Jent, a farmer, at Blackey, Stacy and Combs, it is said, were summoned by officers to arrest Jent, when Jent resisted and the shooting occurred.

Thompson will go on trial in the circuit court tomorrow. Much interest will be centered upon the case; while Stacy and Combs were passed until the January term.

The first conviction at this term of the court was for young Joe Dingus, 17-years-old of the Cumberland river section who received a year and a day in the Frankfort reformatory on a charge of breaking into the store of Arch A. Sergeant of Overfork about 5 months ago.

Bad whiskey and older, reckless friends, the association with bad company, was the beginning of the boys' waywardness, his friends much regret. Young Dingus wept when he received his sentence. He will perhaps be sent to the State Reform School at Greendale.

Reports from Jenkins, the seat of The Consolidation Coal company's wonderful operations in this county, is to the effect that large transportation of men, miners, arrived during the week from Georgia and Alabama. They will be employed in the mines at Jenkins and Melbourns.

A glance at the long coal trains going out over both the Louisville and Nashville and the Baltimore and Ohio are convincing that everything is booming, beyond measure, in our coal fields. This is only a beginning, next year Letcher will lead in point of production any county in Kentucky. This is a coal field that has gone out to the industrial and commercial world and will be proven conclusively.

A few days ago moonshiners are believed to have shot and fatally wounded James Rumbley, a good citizen of Wise-co, Va., at a point near his home just over the State border. Rumbley, it is said, had informed the revenue officers of the operation of moonshine stills in an effort to transform his community with results as above stated. This is a rank shame upon decent civilization. O, law, what travesties are committed in this name! It is high time that the people along the border of the two States were called a halt, and showing a regard for a more strict enforcement of the law.

That a house of prostitution, of commercialized vice, should be operated in

Letcher county away from the low dives of the great cities whose operation has been going on for months in Neon in this county, is a mystery difficult of solution, but it is true. For months Mrs. Rose Amburg operated this house of ill fame in the disguise of a hotel or boarding house, where, from six to eight lewd women were allowed to congregate and carry on their vice in violation of the law.

Judge Butler expressed himself as surprised at the conditions. That the degrading, rotten business, entirely unmolested, a business that has done more to run young men to ruin and the lowest plane of civilization than perhaps every other evil under the sun.

Mrs. Amburg was brought here this week and put on trial in the circuit court. A large number of witnesses were interrogated. Much sensational evidence was produced as to the operation of the low dive, although the jury reported hopelessly hung. Judge Butler then required Mrs. Amburg to execute a heavy bond that she would cease immediately the up-leap of lewd women. It is hoped that Judge Butler will keep up the good work until the vile practices are forever obliterated from our midst.

J. Martin Wright, peace officer of Jenkins, who was shot and severely wounded two weeks ago by Mary Huzzan an Italian girl, was taken to the Good Samaritan hospital in Lexington for treatment during the week. Specialists said his spinal cord was partially severed and that his case was absolutely hopeless. Wright was brought to his home to spend his last days with his family, and is now said to be sinking rapidly.

In his efforts to break up the whiskey traffic in Jenkins suburbs officer Wright went to the girl's father's home to arrest the father, when the girl is said to have grappled the officers' revolver, with which she gave him the deathly shot. O, for the day when the monster vice, strong drink and its ruin will be stamped out for all time from our health-giving hills. Sheer pity is expressed for the wounded officer, who is sinking toward the final end, and for his little family.

Judge Butler is far from a well man, having lately consulted specialists in Louisville and Huntington, W. Va., although he is standing the strain of court remarkably well. His trouble is blood pressure. So far little relief is in sight for him, though his legion of friends express the hope that he will be spared many years and continue in his fearless stand against the lawlessly inclined, that the moral, law-abiding conditions of the county will be improved to the highest possible standard. In order to give Judge Butler a much-needed rest, the members of the bar will select a man to occupy the bench for three or four days this week.

A storm of rain, wind and hail, with more or less severity, struck sections of the headwaters of Kentucky river above here Saturday afternoon at a late hour doing untold damage to farmers. During the first fifteen days of August there was rain every day, and in most instances heavy storms accompanied the rain. Taking all in all, this year will go down in history as one of the worst storm periods in many years. Farmers have lost heavily in damaged crops.

General Combs, 29 years old, was brought to Whitesburg last week from Rockhouse creek where he had sworn vengeance against I. D. Maggard a neighbor, making divers threats. Some of the most damaging evidence was introduced and Combs was bound in a \$1000 bond to keep the peace with former Maggard. Being unable to execute bond Combs was committed to jail.

Salesman J. G. Everdale of London, was among the traveling men here during the week.

Mrs. Ethel Vermillion returned from a social visit in Cincinnati, O., and Vanceburg. At Vanceburg she was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sam T. Webb, formerly of this county.

Judge John F. Butler spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Judge W. H. May in Jenkins.

James T. Groes, recruiting officer of Harlan, came here to take the place of Capt. C. H. Back, who left on his return to Ft. Thomas. Already about 17 recruits have enlisted at this place.

Lumberman Floyd Day, of Winchester, and J. H. O'Neal, of Clay City were in Whitesburg during the week.

Mr. C. S. Landrum of Louisville, who represents the L. and N., was in the city Friday.

Mrs. Georgia Province, of the Whitesburg hotel, spent Saturday and Sunday in Hazard, a guest of Mrs. Jessie Morgan.

J. Lee Hatcher, Pikeville, leading book business man of the Sandy Valley was here during the week.

Attorney Frank Spawers of Pikeville left for his home after spending several days on business with the circuit court.

W. T. McByer of Frankfort, interest-

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FALL MATINEE OUTFIT.

All shades of purple loom large in autumn fashions. So this beautiful suit is made of a dark purple velvet set off with silk braid and a bit of fur around the short coat's bottom. The stand-up collar is also fur, but the dashing, soldierly hat is what makes the costume.

ed in good road work in the State, was a Whitesburg business visitor during the week.

Mr. P. S. Wheeler, Hazard business man, came up to Whitesburg Saturday.

M. A. Dunlap, land agent for The Consolidation Coal Co., Jenkins, spent the most of the week in Whitesburg.

ZELDA.

In loving remembrance of our dear friend, Bascom Rickman, who was taken from us Saturday, Aug. 16, 1925. This world is full of sorrow. Full of trouble and of pain. Yet to us it would be Heaven. If you were only here again. We often sit and think of you. When we are all alone. For memory is the only friend That grief can call its own.

HIS FRIENDS.

HEWLETT, W. VA.

School is progressing nicely at this place.

Miss Maggie Hewlett was the guest of Mrs. G. M. Bailey Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Bellomy, who have been visiting relatives, returned home Sunday.

B. J. Chaffin and Ed Hensley, the traveling salesman, passed through here Friday enroute to Louisa.

Church was largely attended at this place Friday night conducted by Rev. Ball.

Our janitor, Billie Hewlett, was shopping in Louisa Monday.

Miss Nellie Kinister called on home folks in Ft. Gay Saturday and Sunday.

Andrew Hensley was the guest of a friend Friday evening.

George Hersey, who has employment at Portsmouth, O., paid home folks a visit Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Jean Lambert attended the first washing at Hewlett Branch Sunday morning.

Fred Lear makes frequent trips to Meredith, W. Va.

There will be church at this place the second Sunday in Sept. at 10:30 a. m. conducted by Rev. Ball. Come if you want to hear a good sermon.

Cecil Hewlett, who has employment at East Fork, is now at home for several days.

Billie Hewlett had the misfortune of losing a fine horse last Saturday.

R. T. Hall and Chell Mounts made a business trip to Louisa Sunday.

Mrs. Julia and Ed Burke attended the camp meeting at Louisa Sunday night.

Misses Annie and Blanche Frazier Anderson Hanley, Bill Lester and Elmer Frazier attended church at this place Friday night.

Mrs. Greve Sturgell visited her mother, Mrs. Henry Lear Friday.

Miss Amanda Lester attended church at Tabors creek Saturday night.

Church at this place Friday, Aug. 22. Everybody come.

John Neal was the guest of friends Sunday evening. O. YOU BETSY.

Repairing Trains.

Langhorne and Langhorne, railroad contractors and builders have moved their equipment from Barboursville to Cabin creek district, where they will be engaged in repairing Chesapeake and Ohio railroad tracks damaged in the recent flood.

BOILER AND ENGINE FOR SALE.

24 h. p. steam engine in fine condition. 30 h. p. stationary boiler. Price low. Apply to M. F. CONLEY, Louisa, Ky.

JOHN R. JOHNSON, C. & O. RAIL.

John R. Johnson, C. & O. RAIL, freight engine and killed last 1924.

ATTENTION, VETERINARIANS

By an Act passed by the last General Assembly, approved March 24th, 1916, now known as chapter 71 of the Acts of 1916 which regulates the practice of Veterinary Medicine, Surgery and Dentistry in the State of Kentucky a State Board of Veterinary Examiners was created, which Board shall hold meetings whenever necessary for the purpose of receiving applications for certificate of license or the examination of candidates for such certificates.

All persons who have been practicing veterinary medicine, surgery or dentistry with this State for one year next within this State for one year next prior to the passage of this act and those holding diplomas from recognized veterinary colleges are entitled to a license upon application to said Board and its approval of same and upon the payment of a fee of \$1. Such certificates of license shall be recorded in the office of the County Clerk of the county in which licensees reside. And until such license is recorded the holder shall not exercise any of the rights and privileges therein conferred.

After the last day of January 1917 it shall be unlawful for any person to practice veterinary medicine, surgery or dentistry or branch thereof in this Commonwealth if he does not hold a certificate of license as above stipulated and any violation of this act shall be punishable by a fine of not less than \$50, or by imprisonment of not exceeding two months or by both fine and imprisonment.

All applicants for license shall present their diplomas or other credentials as required by Section 3 and 4 of this act, to the State Board of Veterinary Examiners when filing their applications. Said Board will hold meetings at the places designated below for the purpose of receiving applications. The meetings will begin promptly at 9 a. m. at the following places:

Lexington, Wednesday, September 26, 1916—Phoenix Hotel.

Louisville, Wednesday, September 27, 1916—Selbach Hotel.

Henderson, Wednesday, October 4, 1916—Kingdon Hotel.

Select one of the above places for your application of license and be on hand promptly.

MAT S. COHEN, President, State Board of Veterinary Examiners.

KENTUCKY'S RICHES.

The Manufacturers Record says:

Kentucky is a marvelously rich State. Nature has probably never put into an equal area greater natural advantages in soil, in minerals, in timbers and water powers. But just across the river there is another State—Ohio—whose capital invested in manufacturing was in 1914 \$1,667,553,990, as compared with \$192,423,990 in Kentucky. Ohio had eight times as much money invested in manufacturing as Kentucky, and yet Ohio does not begin to match Kentucky in natural advantages.

Between 1903 and 1914 the increase in capital invested in manufacturing in Ohio was \$265,000,000. This increase in five years was \$173,000,000 more than the total capital invested in manufacturing in Kentucky—nearly 100 per cent more.

Are the people of Kentucky willing to go on in the same way, making but little industrial progress against the magnificent industrial progress of other States? Between 1903 and 1914 the increase in the capital invested in manufacturing in Kentucky was a little over \$20,000,000. Contrast this with the increase of \$265,000,000 in Ohio, and we get an idea of the difference in the industrial growth of these States.

Similar comparisons could be made between other Southern States and the States of the West and New England having much fewer advantages than the South.

FLAT GAP.

A big ball game was played at this place last Saturday, the 19th, between the Flat Gap Red Scouts and Turkin and Rockhouse boys. The score was 7 to 4 in favor of the Red Scouts. Quite a crowd was there. The Red Scouts have a pitcher that has put all of the players that he has pitched to this season to guessing as to what he is going to throw next. This old pitcher I am telling you about, has not lost a game this year out of 7. The Flat Gap Red Scouts are going to play a big game next Saturday, the 26th and boys and girls, if you want to see the Red Scouts little pitcher throw over the plate, you just be at Blaine town the 26th on Saturday. They are going to try and show the people a good time.

A RARE DISEASE.

Portsmouth, O., Aug. 18.—Dr. C. S. Early has under treatment two cases of hemorrhagic purpura, a disease that is very rare and the first two cases ever heard of in this city. The disease is very seldom found among persons under two years of age, which makes the cases here of more than extraordinary interest.

Harold, 11-months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore McCain is seriously ill with the disease, better known as "the purples." Blanche, 6-months old daughter of Mrs. Manfred Durham, is the other patient. She is getting along nicely.

The disease causes the skin to turn black and blue in places, the spots looking as if the skin had been bruised where the discoloration makes its appearance.

PREMIUM PEARS.

Mrs. F. J. Duesler, of Ashland, has a large glass jar of canned pears, which she will exhibit at the coming World's county fair. This jar of pears took the premium at the first fair ever held in Clay-co, which was about fifty years ago. It was entered by her grandmother, Mrs. J. A. Haskell, who prided herself on her beautiful fruit, preserves, jellies, etc. These pears were grown on her home place, the old Haskell home on Winchester-av., and though they are somewhat brown with age yet they are well preserved and will be one of the curiosities at the fair on account of the many years since they were put up.

John R. Johnson, C. & O. RAIL, freight engine and killed last 1924.